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FOUR YEARS OF

CAMP,

MARCH AND BATTLE.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE POST NO. 12, G. A. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.
MARCH 26TH, 1870.

Compliment of

By HON. JASPER PACKARD, M. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
GIBSON BROTHERS, PRINTERS.
1870.

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HEADQUARTERS U. S. GRANT POST, No. 12,
DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC, G. A. R., *March 15, 1870.*

In accordance with an order from National Headquarters, directing that a member of the Post be detailed at each meeting to relate reminiscences of the late war, General JASPER PACKARD is hereby appointed to deliver an address before this Post on the 26th of March, 1870.

J. H. STINE, *Commander.*

HEADQUARTERS U. S. GRANT POST, No. 12, G. A. R.,
April 6, 1870.

SIR: At a regular meeting of this Post, on last evening, resolutions adopting the speeches of Generals PACKARD and SHANKS—delivered before the Post on the evening of the 26th of March, 1870—were passed, and a request that the comrades, Messrs. PACKARD and SHANKS, please furnish this Post with a copy each of the same for publication.

Yours, in F., C. and L.,

PHIL. T. SOUTH,
Act'g Adj't.

To the Hon. JASPER PACKARD, *M. C.*

A D D R E S S .

DETAILED by proper authority to recount to this Post of the Grand Army of the Republic my own army experience, I am here in obedience to the order, and will give you, as briefly as I may, a sketch of those events, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

The dullest and most irksome period of a soldier's life is the time spent in the first camp of the regiment. Camps of rendezvous are regarded as necessary evils, to be just tolerated until the first "marching orders" come. The departure is a day of rejoicing. The incessant "Left," "Left," gives place to the hurry of preparation. Shouts of joy are heard, and mirth and jollity reign in every row of barracks. The 48th Ind. Vols. was no exception to the rule. There was an excellent drill-ground in Camp Ellis, where the regiment was organized, and very faithfully were its advantages improved. Week in, week out, from four to six hours a day, Sundays excepted, it was one unvarying succession of squad, company, and battalion drill—a service which the soldier seldom fully appreciates until the battle-field shows him its utility.

The men took hold of the work with considerable alacrity, but after awhile they began to clamor for a sight of the enemy. Our colors came from Indianapolis. They were greeted with hearty cheers, as in those days the flag always was, for we had learned to love it then as we never did before. The guns of Sumter gave the Stars and Stripes a meaning and a beauty which it had not before entered into our hearts to conceive. Thus these new colors under which we were to fight, and many were to die, that were to lead the regiment in the stern trials of the battle, oh! how beautiful they were! Then the war fever grew apace. Only to drill was too tame. Sterner work was needed; and we were the boys to do it. At last, the welcome orders came, and when our gallant colonel inquired, "Forty-eighth, are you ready?" the Hoosier shout that went up in answer was not mere bravado, but indicated stern determination.

It was a noble regiment that marched out of Camp Ellis on the 7th day of February, 1862. Fathers, and sons, and husbands were there, all animated, filled, and sublimed with the one great purpose to snatch the nation from the grasp of traitors. For this they were ready to risk life itself. For this many of them did give up their lives, dying that the nation might live.

We reached Cairo on the evening of the 8th of February, and that night received rations of "hard tack" for the first time. Few of us had ever seen that article; but then, as through all the war, we found it very good to remove hunger, and sometimes teeth. Everybody knows Cairo; but when we left the cars Sunday morning, and

making our way through the mud, reached the old barracks vacated for our use, we had an intense desire to "know it no more forever" as speedily as possible. The day was Sunday; but there did not seem to be the slightest knowledge of it among the denizens of the place. They talked of "religious folks" as inhabitants of some other world.

During the day it was rumored that we were to go to Fort Henry, and the very first intimation of it was received with shouts of joy. Then it was said the 48th would stop at Paducah, being still unarmed. But anything for a change from those filthy barracks. The boys had no wish to receive their bounty land just then in the form of Cairo mud applied to their shoes. Night came at last, our first and last night in camp at Cairo, and the question of lodgings arose. There was no floor in the shanties, and the straw that was in the bunks was evidently populous enough already. I was sitting on a cracker-box—another patience on another monument—contemplating the circumstances, when I was startled out of due propriety by the sudden entrance of a large bale of straw. I was not in a mood to ask whence it came; and it was soon spread out, making nice clean lodgings for a company. At midnight came orders to take a steamer for Paducah, where we landed the next day. Here we received tents, and in a few days guns; but straw, straw for beds, was not to be had; and we soon learned, to our surprise, that it was an article not furnished to soldiers in the field. The ground was tried; but the nights being cold, morning found our blankets frozen fast to the ground. Then boards were pressed into the service. We had all heard of the "soft side of a board;" but that particular side we were unable to find. There was a strong contest every night between bones and board, in which board was usually victorious.

These were the days when the meaning of "soldiering," as a technical term, had not been learned. The soldier did not then know that he could sleep comfortably on two rails, or on the ground, if only it was dry enough, with his rubber blanket under him and his woollen one for a covering when it was clear and cool, reversing the position of the blankets when a rain came on in the night. The officer who inquired if his regiment had to camp there in the field, "out of doors," soon learned that houses or barracks were a luxury not ready at "day's march" distance, and that if they had been, they would have been repudiated as nuisances. There is no other couch so sweet, or sleeping so grand, as to lie down on pine branches under a sweet-gum tree, with the stars winking at you through the branches and the brilliant Southern moonlight trickling over you in fantastic paintings, changing with the rustling of the leaves above. This is the very cream of sleep. Feather beds and houses are skimmed milk compared to it. It refreshes and invigorates, and when you awake you are *wide* awake, and ready to spring at once into your boots and blouse.

Fort Henry had fallen, and Donelson as well. The sun of Shiloh had set in blood. Pope's army of the Mississippi had been recalled from its operations on the Mississippi river, where it had won sub-

stantial victories. Day after day the blue boat-loads passed up the river, and it was known that "marching orders" would soon come to the regiments that had been for some weeks stationed at Paducah. They were soon on the move, and when the vessels which bore them swung out into the Ohio, and steamed up into the Tennessee, "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang" with the shouts of soldier boys "spoiling for a fight." They thought they were going into one; but the army was only moving on Corinth, and it continued this very laudable and exhilarating exercise until Beauregard slipped off with his army, leaving only the dull roar of an exploding magazine and a heavy column of smoke to tell the story of his departure.

A dull summer followed, the gloomy summer of 1862, when "all was quiet" on the Potomac; when rebel corn and pork was protected by the bayonets of hungry soldiers; when the dark-hued fugitive from bondage was hunted through our camps by his rebel master; when "fires were kindled in the rear;" when enlistments were discouraged; when soldiers were urged to desert; when men followed the army with offers of money enough to pay expenses home, if the soldier would turn his back on the flag. Few were found to do it, and *they* are not among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

All summer long the boys "spoiled for a fight," and on the 19th of September they were cured. They had a sharp little fight at Iuka, and though they often after that marched steadily into battle, they never "spoiled" again. It was a severe introduction to the perils of battle, for one-third our number had fallen, thirty-nine of them shot dead on the field. Two weeks after came the two-days' fight at Corinth, and a long and tedious march after a broken and fleeing enemy. There was some gallant fighting at Corinth, and among many others who won honor on those two days was that colonel of an Iowa regiment who is our present Secretary of War. Fighting like a Paladin of old, he seized a rebel colonel by the coat collar, and with his powerful arm drew him by main force through an embrasure, a prisoner at his feet. There was another encounter on the second day, a hand-to-hand conflict, which will never go into history unless I embalm it here. In my own company there was a Frenchman, who was always, when a little excited, rather careless in the use of his rifle. While hotly engaged in the fight, loading and firing with all due rapidity, he shot away the rammer from the musket of the soldier in his front. Immediately, but very coolly, the latter turned upon him; both lay down their guns and took three or four rounds full in the face of each, more after the style of the prize ring than the tactics of the battle-field. Their honor satisfied, the next moment they were in the ranks, firing away as steadily as ever, the missing rammer being replaced from the gun of a dead soldier lying near.

The army now began to see and hear more of Grant. Halleck was gone; whither it mattered little, and little the soldiers cared. Rosecrans had been sent to command the Army of the Cumberland; and Grant commanded the District of West Tennessee, with a column that was to move down the Mississippi Central railroad and find

the rear of Vicksburg. That army remembered Donelson, and, with Grant for its immediate commander, felt higher confidence than ever before. It moved on to the Tallahatchie, forced the passage of that stream, passed through Holly Springs, and to and beyond Oxford. Grenada would soon have been reached, and Vicksburg might have fallen many months before it did, had it not been for the criminal negligence, to use no harsher term, of a subordinate at Holly Springs, who permitted the rebel general Van Dorn to lead a small column of cavalry into the place, capture the garrison, and destroy the immense stores of provisions upon which the army was to subsist while it left still further behind its base of supplies. With the railroad broken up to the north of the army, and all its provisions burned to ashes, a retrograde movement to the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad became a necessity. The army, except one division, moved back to that line. The division excepted guarded a train of 1,200 wagons to Memphis, where they were loaded with rations and taken eastward to the army, which had been living several days on half rations.

The first effort to gain Vicksburg had failed; but that city was doomed. The quiet man who smoked his cigar in silence, and who "moved on the works" of the enemy at Fort Donelson so grandly, had determined to go there. It was the objective point that must be reached, and there was no power on earth to prevent. The problem was to reach Vicksburg from the rear. But how? The gunboats had been driven away from the river front; Sherman's attack on Haines' Bluff had been repulsed, and the Holly Springs disaster had drawn back the army from the line of the Mississippi Central railroad. But these apparent failures only stimulated to new expedients. Vicksburg must be reached from the rear, and Vicksburg must fall. So the troops began to embark on steamers and move down the river. Some were landed at Lake Providence, seventy miles above Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side, designed to open a passage by means of lakes and bayous to the Red river, by which the Mississippi could be again reached four hundred miles below. Some landed at Young's Point, and engaged in the attempt to divert the current of the mighty river by cutting a canal across the peninsula in front of Vicksburg. Some landed at Milliken's Bend, ready to march across the country to some point far below, then cross the river, and reach Vicksburg from the South and East.

There was also planned an expedition which promised success, which, designed at first only for the destruction of the rebel gunboats in the Yazoo river, was afterwards thought of as a route by which to place the whole army on the heights above Haines' Bluff, and thus secure the speedy downfall of Vicksburg. A short distance east of the river, and nearly opposite Helena, lay Moon lake, formerly, no doubt, a channel of the river. This could be reached in light-draught steamers by cutting the levee. From Moon lake it was possible, by moving inland through a narrow and tortuous pass, to reach the Cold Water river, which flows into the Tallahatchie, and this again

into the Yazoo, or, perhaps, more correctly, in connection with the Yallabusha, it forms the Yazoo, as the Allegheny and Monongahela, flowing together, make the Ohio. Small light steamers were procured, and Ross' division was sent through the pass, and two of the iron-clads; but there had been, of necessity, much delay. There was fallen timber to be cleared out. Cameron had been sent in with a brigade to do the work. It was slow, tedious, and laborious—working, wading, and fighting. It required many days of the severest and hardest kind of toil. Then, it was difficult to procure the necessary boats; and when at last all was ready, the enemy was found to have made extensive preparation to meet our troops. Ross found the rebels well fortified at the junction of the Tallahatchie and the Yallabusha. The iron-clads attacked the fort, but were driven off. It was unapproachable by land, and it effectually closed the passage for vessels. Ross turned about to move back to Helena, but the division of Quimby was then on its way. They met in the Cold Water river, and Quimby being the ranking officer, he took command and moved down again to Fort Pemberton, hoping that, with the additional forces and some siege guns, he would be able to clear the passage.

This Yazoo Pass expedition was one of the most romantic events of the war. The Pass from Moon lake to the Cold Water river was very narrow, scarcely wider than the boats themselves, and so crooked that it was impossible to guide a vessel by its rudder. The yawls were out continually; the boat's crew carrying a rope to a tree on the bank, making it fast, and then, by means of a windlass on board run by steam, drawing the vessel forward. Thus the fleet was worked along. The trees hung over the stream on either side, their branches raking the sides of the vessels and tearing away all the light work. In many instances huge limbs of trees had to be chopped away by the soldiers standing on the upper deck. Often several vessels of the fleet were in sight at the same time, but at no time, as they were seen through the trees, was it possible to tell whether they were before or behind, so crooked was the channel; and so narrow was it that it seemed as if the vessels were being pushed over dry land while they worked their way through the cotton woods on either side. To add zest to the daily entertainment, guerrillas infested the banks. One morning, at daylight, when the men had just arisen, a volley was poured into the transport, *Lady Jackson*, from logs and trees on the bank. Hastily the men seized their guns, and returning the fire, the rebels disappeared. Only one soldier showed the white feather; and it is singular that no one but him was struck. He dodged to the furthest side of the vessel and lay down on the deck. A ball passed in at the window, and flying clear through the vessel, across the cabin, and out at the opposite window or skylight, it passed into his body, and inflicted a wound from which he died a few days after. But the expedition was fruitless. The enemy had had time to re-enforce heavily, and it was found impracticable to reduce the fort, around which it was impossible to pass. The troops reluctantly re-embarked, and picked their slow and toilsome way back to Helena, but not to remain there

any longer than was necessary to replace the torn and battered and disabled vessels which had been through the Pass, and then move to the vicinity of Vicksburg.

The main army was now at Milliken's Bend, and General Grant was there in person. His presence always inspired confidence, and all now possessed an undoubting faith that work was to be done which would quicken the pulse and send the shout of joy leaping to the lips of loyalty all over the North. The canal across the peninsula, which at one time promised a degree of success, had proved a failure by reason of the fall of the water in the river; the inland experiments, by which it was hoped troops might be thrown below and thence to the rear of the citadel, were found to be impracticable. The troops must go below the Vicksburg and Warrenton batteries. This they could do by marching inland through Louisiana; but how should they cross? Vessels and barges must run past the batteries, and be ready to ferry over the troops when the muddy march should be completed. So transports, barges, and gunboats were selected, clad with hay and cotton bales, loaded with rations and ammunition, manned with soldiers who volunteered from the ranks of the army, and when all was ready, they moved cautiously down upon the batteries to run that terrible gauntlet of death. Every heart in that army beat faster when the first guns of the upper batteries opened on those devoted vessels. They moved right on in the face of hurtling shot and shell, rounded the point, and passed down in front of the tremendous batteries that had withstood all the attacks of our iron-clads. The deep and continuous thunder of the guns told the whole army of the mortal peril of the men on those vessels. The Mississippi in front of Vicksburg is crowded between comparatively narrow banks, and the rebels, setting fire to some frame houses on the river bank, lighted up the entire width of the stream. One vessel was sunk; another caught fire and burned to the water's edge; but most of them emerged from that gateway of death. They had yet to pass the batteries at Warrenton and Grand Gulf. But the perilous descent was made at last, and when the army had moved across the country and struck the river at Bruinsburg, below Grand Gulf, the means of crossing were at hand.

Then began a movement which, for daring and skill, is not surpassed, if equalled, in the annals of war. This was the first great experiment of cutting loose from the base of supplies. It was not strange that the President, Mr. Lincoln, should have supposed Grant was making a mistake, nor was it strange that his noble nature impelled him afterwards to say to the General, "You were right, and I was wrong." The two corps-commanders whom General Grant most trusted, Sherman and McPherson, did not approve his plans, but, with the true spirit of the soldier, they co-operated as cheerfully as though the plan had been their own, and, with a grand generosity, afterwards voluntarily acknowledged that their chief was right.

While the 17th corps, commanded then by McPherson, was crossing the river at Bruinsburg, the guns in advance told us that the 13th corps was engaged. The 17th corps, and this is the one whose

movements I must now follow, met the enemy at Raymond, Logan's division leading, drove him flying from our front, pressed on to Jackson, hurled him across Pearl river, and occupied the capital. It was a Napoleonic stroke, dividing and beating in detail, that sent one rebel army, under Johnston, broken and flying before our blue army, and then, turning, struck Pemberton at Champion's Hill, and sent him headlong into Vicksburg. Our troops lay in Jackson but one night; and, turning directly back, moved rapidly westward. The Mobile papers stated the next day that Grant had *retreated* in the direction of Vicksburg! Two days afterwards the rebel Pemberton concluded Grant was not retreating, but finding a retreat very necessary on the part of some one, he played that *rôle* himself.

The bloody day and crowning victory at Champion's Hill enabled our army to shut up Vicksburg—that stronghold whose downfall would allow the father of waters to pass unvexed to the sea. It was here, between Jackson and Vicksburg, that the men of the North hewed their way to the Gulf.

On the 19th of May, the army closed in around the city. Haines' Bluff was evacuated by the rebels; our transports passed up the Yazoo river, bearing provisions to the army, and a new base of supplies was established. Then the doom of the Confederacy was sealed. Then the gallant soldier, now the General of the Army, said to Grant, "This is indeed a campaign."

I cannot dwell on that terrible 22d of May, nor on the long and weary siege, extending to the 4th day of July, 1863, when our victorious banner waved triumphantly over more than 30,000 captive rebels. They say our President does not make speeches; but according to the books, persuasion marks the gifted orator. Here was oratory that persuaded 30,000 men to stack their arms, and leave themselves and their guns in our possession.

On this same 4th of July, the most glorious anniversary of our history, the Union prisoners in Libby improvised a flag of such coarse material as they could strip from the rags which covered them, and fastened it over their heads in observance of our natal day. The keeper of the prison discovered the hostile emblem, and ordered the prisoners to take it down. No one spoke, and not a man stirred. He ordered them again to take it down; but he saw on every countenance an expression which said, "We can die on the battle-field; we may be shot down here, defenceless as we are; we may even meet the horrors of slow starvation; but we will not pull down our country's flag." Angrily he rushed forward, and snatched it from its place; but in that self-same hour the rebel rag came down at Vicksburg, and the Stripes and Stars floated over it in victory. Could the rebel prison-keeper have seen that sight on the Mississippi, it might have stayed his traitor hand.

News came one day toward the close of September, the sad news, that Rosecrans had suffered a reverse near Chattanooga; and, as usual, the reports came greatly exaggerated. Re-enforcements were needed, and they must go at once. Sherman was directed to move

to Memphis with the 15th corps, but to leave behind one of his divisions, and replace it with a division from the 17th corps; and this change makes it necessary for me to follow now the 15th corps on transports to Memphis, on the cars thence to Corinth, and then on foot eastward, performing one of the longest marches of the war, to the neighborhood of Chattanooga.

The day previous to the commencement of the fighting, Sherman's troops lay on the north side of the Tennessee river, hid away among the hills, from whose tops the rebel camps were in full view, almost encircling the town. At midnight, after the first day's fighting, Sherman's men left their camps, moved silently up the river to the place designated for the passage across, and ferried over in the pontoon boats, which some hours after were supporting a bridge on which wagons and artillery and cavalry were freely crossing. As daylight dawned, a heavy fog completely enveloped the troops, effectually concealing all their movements. A log-house stood just in front of our line, and the inhabitants having just arisen, suddenly found themselves surrounded by the Yankee army. It was a surprise party, more unexpected but less welcome than those parties usually are.

From away down the river came the roar of Hooker's guns around Lookout Mountain, while Sherman's Vicksburg veterans, forming the extreme left of the army, moved quietly across the bottom-lands to the foot of the ridge, and gaining the crest, lay down to sleep, conscious that the next day would bring bloody work. That night there was an eclipse of the moon, and some superstitious minds thought it was an omen of ill; but the next day proved that if so, it was pointed at treason and not at loyalty.

The night before a battle! Then come trooping over the soul thoughts of home and all its tender joys. Wife and little ones; they come around you then, and are drawn closer into your heart than ever before. Will you ever see them again? The morrow will answer. And you lift, perhaps, your first prayer to the good All-Father, close your eyes on the stars, and in dreams continue your waking thoughts. Here is the test of the soldier; not in the rush and roar of battle, but in the quiet night which precedes, when you are alone under the starry sky, with thousands lying around you, yet none the less alone.

The next day it thundered all around the sky. Left, right, and centre of our army, all were engaged. Sherman's persistent attack compelled Bragg to reinforce his right. Thus he weakened his centre, when Thomas hurled the Army of the Cumberland upon him, broke his line, and gained the crest of Mission Ridge. The battle was over, but night was falling, and Bragg fled under its cover. This was in November, 1863; and I must now transfer you to the army of the Ohio, commanded by General Schofield in May, 1864.

For myself, I was now connected with the 128th Indiana regiment, which was assigned to Hovey's division, of the 23d corps, joining the other two divisions at Charleston, East Tennessee, after a long march from Nashville.

Early in May, 1864, Sherman commenced his great move on Atlanta,

his moving column consisting of the three armies of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee. Flanking Dalton, Georgia, by moving through Snake Creek Gap, the enemy was drawn out of that place, and risking battle at Resaca, was terribly punished and pushed further back towards Atlanta. Then commenced that long battle, when for more than one hundred days the troops were under fire. Many a soldier will recall the familiar names of Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face, and will remember the passage of the Oostenaula, the concentration of the army for more vigorous work at Kingston and Cassville, and afterwards, crossing the Etowah, the advance on Lost Mountain and Kenesaw and Marietta. Next came the crossing of the Chattahoochee, marked alike by brilliant strategy in plan and skilfulness in execution. A reorganization of the divisions of the 23d corps had given me the privilege of following as division commander our present Secretary of the Interior, and it was his division that had the post of honor in the passage. The celerity and skill with which the enterprise was effected was such that the whole 23d corps, led by Schofield, was across the river and firmly entrenched on the heights, while yet the whole attention of the rebel Johnston was centered on the mass of our army, which lay several miles below. Then came the closing-in upon Atlanta. On the 20th day of July the city was in sight from many parts of the line. There was an interval of some distance between the left of the Army of the Ohio and the right of the Army of the Tennessee. The 128th Indiana was directed to move through the woods and find McPherson's right. Throwing skirmishers in advance and on the flank, it moved cautiously through the thick undergrowth, and at length emerged upon a road up which a short distance the rebel pickets were discovered, but no Army of the Tennessee was to be seen. There was still a space of a mile. Just then three or four cavalymen of McPherson's body-guard appeared in the road. Riding rapidly with them, under the fire of the rebel pickets, to that General's headquarters, Schofield's position was reported, and in five minutes a brigade was moving out to fill up the gap. In less than half an hour the junction was complete, and the whole army looked for the speedy downfall of Atlanta. During the night of the 21st, Hood, then in command of the rebel army, withdrew a portion of his line and concentrated on the Army of the Tennessee, attacking on the 22d most fiercely and obstinately. On this day McPherson fell—McPherson, the skilful general, the brave and gallant gentleman, the Bayard of the American army, "without fear and without reproach." Cox's division of the 23d corps was hurried rapidly to the left; the day was won. But when night fell there was many a sad heart among the victors. "McPherson is dead" were the sad words that passed from lip to lip, and the tear-drop glistened in many an eye that was not used to weep. No commander was ever more beloved than he, and we realized that day as never before the tremendous cost of the war.

And now the days of July were spent, and those of August came on. In front, and in full view, lay the city of Atlanta. But the

rebel army lay between, and there was fighting yet to be done. It was a dark hour for the Confederacy. Grant had driven Lee back, step by step, and was now holding him as in a vice in his entrenchments around Richmond and Petersburg; Sherman, with the veteran legions of the West, had driven back the soldiers of Johnston and Hood from Dalton, from Resaca, from Kenesaw, from Peach Tree Creek, back into the "last ditch" before Atlanta. A fearful gloom overspread the prospects of the Confederacy. It must soon have yielded to the power of the national arms, when suddenly the rebels beheld a great light in the North, and they aroused themselves to a renewal of the conflict. A convention met at Chicago, a convention representing a large portion of the people, and after bitterly denouncing the Government and the war, and the soldiery engaged in the work of maintaining the nation, it published to the world the cowardly declaration, that the war having failed, it demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities. While one victory after another was crowning our arms all over the South, at Chicago a national convention hoisted the white flag. Oh, how that disgraceful surrender went to the hearts of our brave men, standing yonder in the smoke and thunder of battle! No wonder there came up the indignant response:

"What! hoist the white flag when our triumph is nigh?
 What! crouch before Treason, make Freedom a lie?
 What! spike all our guns when the foe is at bay,
 And the rags of his black banner dropping away?
 Tear down the strong name that our nation has won,
 And strike her brave bird from his home in the sun?"

"He's a coward who shrinks from the lift of the sword;
 He's a traitor who mocks at the sacrifice poured.
 Nameless and homeless the doom that should blast
 The wretch who stands idly till peril is past.
 But he who submits when the thunders have hurst,
 And victory dawns, is of cowards the worst."

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the members of that convention are all extinct. There is no man in the country now who opposed the war; not one. They have all passed away, and none remain but those who were steadfast and true to the nation from the beginning to the end of the war. There was no platform of surrender; no discouraging of enlistments; no calling of such names as "Lincoln hirelings" and "Abolition war;" no organizations of Knights of the Golden Circle and Sons of Liberty; no resistance to the draft; "no dying on one's own door-step;" no sympathy for the South; no rejoicing over rebel victories; and no sorrow when victory crowned the arms of the Union. Oh, no! there was nothing of this kind. This was all the dream of a distempered imagination; a hallucination of the brain, having no existence in reality. If such men holding such views had lived so short a time ago, some of them would still be alive, and would tell us all about it. Or is it not possible that they fortified in the wrong direction, and have quietly climbed over the parapet and pointed their guns the other way?

and broken, were driven from the State. There was no longer a good "killing" left, and as an organized army it never reappeared. Will you follow us now from Columbia west to the Tennessee river; then on transports to Paducah, up the Ohio to Cincinnati; on cars across the State of Ohio in a cold and wintry February to Benwood, and east on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Washington; thence to Fort Fisher, back to Moorehead city, up the railroad to New Berne and Kinston, repairing the road much of the way; through our last battle at Kinston; then on to Goldsboro', where we met the legions who had marched to the sea, and thence to Raleigh, to receive the surrender of the last rebel army.

Here my narrative must end, though my own term of service did not close until a year after the surrender of Johnston. Many things of the highest personal interest to me I have omitted to mention, lest I should subject myself to the charge of egotism.

It would be pleasant to linger on many of the scenes I have so hastily sketched, but my time is too nearly spent to permit it, or even to stop long enough to portray the wild tumult of joy, when the news came to us on our march to Raleigh that Grant had made good his words, and *had* "fought it out on that line;" that Lee had laid down his arms, and that peace had come "to stay."

Before I close, I want to say a word or two in behalf of the rank and file of that grand army which marched up the avenue on its return from its conquering mission of peace, and soon melted from the sight of the nation. The enlisted men of our volunteer army formed the grandest body of men that ever assembled. From every pursuit of life they came—these unselfish, patriotic heroes. No motive but that of country could actuate the private soldier. He could scarcely look for promotion; his name was seldom mentioned in general orders; yet he stood as firmly for the flag and the honor of his country as if his name was to be spread over a continent. He endured hardships, wounds, disease, and death, and no regret ever fell from him that he left his home to serve his country. When we think of peace, and rejoice that the boon has come to us, do not forget that it was purchased in large measure by the "heroes of the rank and file." I saw these heroes falling, one by one, during the four years of war. Sometimes the minié ball crashed through skull and brain; sometimes a lingering wound bore the brave young boy to a soldier's grave; sometimes disease crept insidiously on, and he "slept the sleep that knows no waking." Sacred in the sight of the nation should be the death of these patriots and martyrs. Let not the dead or the living ever be forgotten. Let the orphan children of the deceased be nurtured with tenderest care; though I need not commend this to you, of the Grand Army of the Republic, it being one of the leading objects of your organization. In this work the loyal women of the United States will gladly share. We remember with lasting gratitude how the women of the nation, bright angels of mercy, stood by us, holding up our hands in the fearful struggle. Many and many a sick and wounded soldier owes his life to their careful nursing

During the Atlanta campaign I came upon a man whose house had been placed, by the fortunes of war, between the two contending armies, the line of rebel works passing through his door-yard. To save himself and family he constructed a pit in the ground, throwing out the dirt towards the "blue coats," and leaving the opening in the direction of the "greybacks." But a day or two after his bomb-proof was completed, our army made an advance, drove back the enemy, and occupied the rebel works. And now the bomb-proof was useless. Every shot the rebels fired at us was liable to drop into the mouth of the poor man's cave. His fancied protection might prove his destruction, unless he changed the direction of his earthwork. And so there may be those who, having learned that to sit behind the rifle-pits of disloyalty did not shield them from the wrath of an indignant people, have determined to jump over on to the side of loyalty, and deny that they ever dug the pits or sat behind them.

One day, near the close of August, the whole army let go, and marched rapidly away to the right. The citizens of Atlanta thought Sherman had retreated, and that night there was great rejoicing in Atlanta. Hood had sent all his cavalry northward to cut the railroad, and this gave Sherman his opportunity. At once he moved for the railroads behind Atlanta. The rebel cavalry on our road was only a fly, which did not "bother" Sherman in the least, and which he did not wish to brush away. Swinging slowly around, like the spoke of a huge wheel, the army reached the railroad, and broke it up for many miles. But Hood had learned that Sherman had not retreated, and, like Pemberton, he thought it best to do that part of the work himself. Hastily destroying what could not be removed, he withdrew to Jonesboro', where he offered battle, and received a severe chastisement. Not long did the army rest, for Hood soon moved northward, and Sherman thought best to escort him part of the way. He did so through Rome, Georgia, and as far as Gaylesville, Alabama. Then seeing Hood turning northward, and believing he would march on Nashville, Sherman prepared to execute that magnificent march which surpasses the famous march of Marlborough from the Low Countries to Blenheim.

The army was now divided, and some of us parted from our leader to meet him again at Goldsboro', North Carolina; but Thomas and Schofield and Cox remained with us who moved to the north. At Pulaski we waited for Hood to cross the Tennessee; then Schofield moved back to Columbia just in time to head off Hood's advance. Delays are sometimes dangerous; but the proverb did not apply in this instance. Delay was just what Thomas wanted, who was in Nashville collecting our scattered forces. The enemy was held at Columbia nearly a week. Then followed the battle of Franklin, on the 30th day of November, when the rebels were so terribly shattered that Hood's army never recovered from the shock. The two days' fight at Nashville followed with their crowning victory, and then the vigorous pursuit through winter storm and rain, until Hood, and his proud rebel army, crushed, mangled and bleeding, dispirited

and the delicacies which their tender hands supplied. They forgot ease, and gave themselves to days of toil and nights of weariness that they might give the soldier what the Government could not furnish. Their labors of love warmed, fed, and clothed the soldier. They did more; they nerved our arms and cheered our hearts, and strengthened us for the toils of the march and the stern trials of the battle. Much of the glory the nation won in the contest is due to her daughters; and, for one, I say, should I ever forget their self-sacrificing devotion in the dark and dreadful day of the nation, may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. America is a grander nation to-day for what her women have done, and every man in the nation is better for their noble deeds. Woman—woman all over this land was a sister of mercy, whose benefactions carried joy to many a toil-worn soldier; whose hands were stretched forth in blessing; whose feet were swift to run to the relief of the suffering, and who gave day and night unceasingly to her grand mission of humanity. Better far, and grander, is the laurel wreath that crowns her brow than the “costliest diadem that ever sparkled on the head of royalty;” surer and clearer is her title to fame than though, through carnage and woe, she had hewed her way to a throne or conquered a world.

Comrades, when an army of a million men was to be mustered out grave fears were entertained that if this immense body of men were thrown suddenly into civil life, social disorders would ensue. But these fears proved groundless. That army disappeared peacefully and quietly; yet it still exists. Its elements remain, and would flow readily together, should the necessities of the nation require. Here I see the safety of the nation—her strong defence against her enemies. This safety and defence repose in her soldier-citizens, who, as a citizen soldiery, smote down treason, broke the shackles of the bondman, and made our country first among the nations.

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